



## THE DOCTOR OUTWITTED BY THE BLACK

I'll tell you a trick that was play'd the other evening,  
On an eminent surgeon that dwelt in this town,  
By a sailor so bold he was outwitted nicely  
And fifty bright shillings he had to pay down  
These jolly jack tars & mesmates being greggy  
Their cash it being spent & their credit far run  
Through weasmorland St from the quay they did ramble,  
Being bent to procure either money or fun

The Cook of the Vessel being one of the party  
A smart lad he was though his colour was black  
For wit & contrivance he never was wanting  
For he found away to rise cash in a crack  
Saying he to his mesmates I hear people talking  
That a corpse can be sold very ready here  
So take me alive roll me up in my hammock  
And fifty bright shillings to you I will pay

Then they took the hint & the sailors next morning  
Went into a shop where a doctor did dwell  
In the ear of the doctor they slowly did whisper  
Saying sir we have got a fine corpse for to sell  
A corpse says the doctor like one in amazement  
Bring it to me where have you got it I pray  
Come bring it safe here & I'll buy it quite ready  
And fifty bright shillings to you I will give

The sailors agreed & accepted the offer  
Away to the shop then did repair  
I pray you will listen & pay good attention  
You'll hear very soon what they went to do there  
They roll'd the black up with his hammock about him  
He was a fine fellow both studdy & strong  
And stuck in his waistcoat by way of protection  
A knife with a blade about half-a-yard long

Twelve o'clock being come & the streets being silent  
The sailors set off with the black on their back  
And up to the doctor they slowly did venture  
And in the back room they conceal'd the poor black  
The doctor he paid the bold seamen their money  
And they said their Cook he had died on the sea  
So sooner than have his dead body to bury  
We sold him to you & he's out of the way

So the sailors departed & went to a tavern  
Where they had agreed the black for to meet  
I pray you will listen & pay good attention  
The best of my story I have to tell yet  
The doctor ran up for a knife to desec him  
And quickly came down with his tools in his hand  
Into the room where he left the corpse lying  
But the black with his yully there ready did stand

When into the room the doctor did enter  
He thought the poor Cook was a very rich prize  
With voice loud as thunder the black did approach him  
Saying dam your eyes doctor I'll dissect you alive  
The doctor he ran like one who was distracted  
And into the room to his wife he tumbled in  
Saying dear O dear ahw where will you hide me?  
For surely the devil is in the back room

His wife she ran to the door in a hurry  
And bolted it fast that he could not come in  
She said my dear husband give over dissecting  
For fear the black devil might come back again  
The Doctor was glad to retreat in a hurry  
And for his late bargain to repent  
While the black went to where his mesmates were drinking  
And the rest of the night they merrily spent